THE

BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

A New BALLAD

OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE in *Dublin*, with great Applauſe; and at the THEATRE in the *Hay-market*.

To which are added the New

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

By Mr. CHAR. COFFEY.

Sometimes we frame ourſelves to be lame,
And when a Coach comes we hop to our Game;
We ſeldom miſcarry, and ſeldomer marry,
By Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory;
But *Simon* and *Suſan*, like Birds of a Feather,
Firſt kiſs, ſing, and laugh, and lie down together:
And therefore brave, bonny, bold Beggars we'll be,
For none leads a Life ſo merry as we.

Pills to purge Melan.

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. D.* and ſold by the Bookſellers in Town and Country. [Price 1 *s.*] M.DCC.XXXIII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Sometimes we Dance, &c.
And when a Coachful, &c. Came;
We seldom miscarry, &c. marry,
By Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak Divorce;
But Sing and Say, like Birds of a Feather,
First kiss, hug, and laugh, and lie down together:
And therefore brave, bonny, bold Beggars we'll be,
For none leads a Life so merry as we.

Full to party Mirth.

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PROLOGUE.

THIS Stage has long with fond Endeavours strove
Your kind Applause, and Patronage to move;
Pleasure to all, to none Offence to give,
And, *Proteus* like, your Grief and Mirth revive!
But vain our Hopes to gain the wish'd Success,
Since only Tricks and Transformations please;
Since depray'd Fancy lords it o'er the Town,
And the best Plays and Actors can't go down;
Then poor indeed must prove our Callow Flight;
For Eaglets cannot [illegible] an Eagle's Height.
Now to harmonious Nonsense Wit gives way,
And Song or [illegible], or damn us fays a Play.

Fruitless has Nature join'd the Poet's Art,
Vice to suppress, and Virtue to impart;
A good Machine alone can win the Heart.
Our Fathers did indeed good Sense prefer,
And to improve the Mind was all their Care;
But we, thank *Zanys*, since are wiser grown,
All Sense in Entertainments we disown.
What, please the Mind! no, rather take the Eye,
On Carpenters, not Poets, we rely,
For what are Morals, to a Sink, or Fly?
Farquhar with pleasing Humour dully writ,
Ev'n *Shakespear* and soft *Otway* must submit,
For *Supernatural* is the reigning Wit.
Hah! says a *Bon Garzoon*, Gad demme my Soul!
Who shall the Taste of a *Beaumonde* controul?
From *Shakespear*, *Cheshire-Bard* should bear the Bell,
One writes, 'tis true, but 'tother fiddles well.
Thus Sing-Song only can be sure of Praise,
And *Congreve* must to *Johnson* yield the Bays.

PROLOGUE.

In ſtrict Compliance to the preſent Taſte
A modiſh OPERA is To-night your Feaſt ——
A Begging one —— And that throughout the Nation
Has been, you'll own, too too long, Sirs, the Faſhion;
" And if we chance in any Part to fail,
" We've now no Dragon with a ſpiry Tail ——
And real Merit ſeldom does prevail;
As by Experience hard our Betters prove,
Who oft, like us, in vain their Cauſes move:
But I'm to Beg, that, Cuſtom to confute,
You'll come indulgent to our humble Hutt.
And in Return — The all, we can, we'll give,
Your Favours ever gratefully receive,
And *Your Obedient Servants* ever live.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THE Scene now clos'd, and Opera gone thro'
In all their Names I'm hither come to know,
If we in vain have Begg'd your Smiles — or no.
Each one was fearful on the Task to venture,
And swore our Case so bad, they durst not enter.
I told 'em, to dispel their rising Fear,
The Bold and Forward still were Fortune's Care,
And none could win that did not bravely dare.
'Tis true, said I, we want the pleasing Art
To force Attention, and to move the Heart:
But, to give my Opinion of the Matter,
Most People love the genuine Works of Nature;
And by the Fair 'tis a Resolve confest,
Never to baulk the Man that does his Best.
They would have strove to imitate the Air,
And graceful Action of your true-bred Play'r;
But faith, said I, that Project ne'er rely on,
The Asses does most appear in Skin of Lyon.
What, tho' the Wise this Maxim ever hold,
He that would push his Fortune must be bold;
Yet none can so unreasonable prove,
T' expect the Air of *Wilks*, or Grace of *Booth*.
'Tis Time alone can crown us with Success,
And arduous Heights are gain'd but by Degrees.
A prostrate Wretch the Brave will ne'er annoy,
'Tis great to Live those that you could destroy.
Beggars are privileged to ask your Favour,
If done with humble and a fit Behaviour;
And (tho' like some, who by their Brass succeed,
We can't in such patherick Manner plead)
We beg to say, if we don't haply Cant,
We've too sure Reason — That of Real Want.
Since then on you alone our Fates depend,
Smile on our Begging — our poor Cause defend;
Nor let a Comick Scene with Sorrow end:
Whilst we, with Joy exulting ever boast
That, they who judge the Best can pardon Most.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Alderman *Quorum*, a Juſtice of the Peace.	Mr. *Smith.*
Chaunter, King of the Beggars.	Mr. *Hulett.*
Hunter, his reputed Son.	Mr. *Chardin.*
Grigg,	Mr. *Reynolds.*
Cant,	Mr. *Webſter.*
Gage,	Mr. *Dove.*
Mump, Beggars,	Mr. *Pearce.*
Scrip,	Mr. *Wathen.*
Swab,	Mr *Gillow.*
Daſh, Clerk to the Juſtice.	Mr. *Ware.*
Conſtable,	Mr. *Mieben.*

WOMEN.

Phebe; the Alderman's reputed Daughter.	Mrs. *Mountford.*
Mrs. *Chaunter*, Queen of the Beggars.	Mrs. *Thomas.*
Tippet, Maid to *Phebe*.	Mrs. *Nokes.*
Strummer,	Mrs. *Clark.*
Mopſey,	Miſs *Ruſſell.*
Blouze,	Miſs *Mann.*
Drab, Beggars,	Mrs. *Carter.*
Manchet	Miſs *Jones.*
Tib Tatter,	Mrs. *Palmer.*

THE

THE BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Quorum, Dash.

Quor. HAS old *Chaunter* been here lately?

Dash. No, Sir.

Quor. Hum! methought I heard a Noise in the Office just now.

Dash. Yes, Sir, occasion'd by some of your Worship's daily Visitants.

Quor. A Beggar to be sure — These Rascals are more troublesome than all the rest of the Town — but the Truth on't is, they pay heartily for it — let me see — ay — by a moderate Computation, I believe what I have lost by the Reduction of the Work-house for some Years past has been doubly made up to me by the petty Villanies of these industrious Rogues — What's the Crime now?

Dash. Only a Breach of Trust, Sir, as usual: He was overtaken with a Silver Spoon in his Pocket, which he had stol'n out of a Dish of Broth a poor Servant had given him for Charity.

Quor. Sad Dog! since the Goods were found, send him to the rest of his Brethren, where he shall be whipt for his ill Management, that he may learn next Time a more dextrous Conveyance of his Prize — I love to encourage

Art

Art in every Profession, that when a Man leaves the World (tho' untimely) he may die with the Reputation of a Master in his Business.

Dash. Sir, there are several other People waiting to be bound over.

Quor. Good again — were it not for these two Articles of binding and unbinding, every Justice of Peace in Town might go whistle — How mistaken are the Notions of Men in this particular of ours? I'll maintain 'tis both a publick and a private Good; for Scandal and Resentment are grown Evils so common, that were it not for our Management, the whole Town would go together by the Ears in a little Time — The many half Crowns we get for gratifying People's Passions for the verriest Trifles, and a few Moments after for appeasing them, beget so much Remorse when they reflect on their Folly, that they strive to avoid for the future such unnecessary Expence, and resolve to live more neighbourly together. But, by the By; our Interest rather obliges us to excite Animosities than promote Peace — 'tis the way of the World — we must submit to Custom, for —

AIR I. Diognes *surly and proud.*

'Tis Int'rest that governs Mankind,
In every State and Degree;
For Justice itself waxes blind,
When brib'd with a competent Fee:
However the Truth we disguise,
In order to make ourselves great;
Yet he that will open his Eyes
May see the whole World's but a Ch—t.

Dash. But, Sir, I'm afraid that Taylor will be troublesome, he threatens hard, and swears he'll shake your Commission for compounding of Felony.

Quor. Does he so? — then I must threaten as fast as he; — impudent Dog! — to talk against Felony, when he himself lives by it — 'Tis what I would do again for the same Consideration. If he comes any more on the like Errand, tell him I shall convert his cabbag'd Shreads into

into a Stone Doublet, and his Gooſe and Shears into a ſwinging Pair of Bolts — for a croſs-leg'd Scoundrel. [*Exit.*

Daſh. 'Tis the Devil to deal with one of thoſe Tyrants in Power; eſpecially if a Man be poor or any way dependent — I myſelf was threaten'd t'other Day with the ſame Fate, only for knowing more of his ſecret Villanies than he thought convenient — if Perjury, Bribery, Avarice and Subornation be eſſential, my Maſter is certainly the moſt thorough-pac'd Rogue of his Brotherhood. But theſe are now by a long Habit grown ſo familiar, that they are rather eſteem'd Virtues than the contrary.

AIR II. *Since all the World is diſtracted in Wars.*

If Equity is but a ſpecious Pretence
To colour a Villain's Ambition;
Mankind muſt be void of all Juſtice and Senſe,
When Vice mends alone our Condition? [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Phebe, Tippet.

Pheb. Did you not obſerve, *Tippet*, a ſtrange Alteration in my Father's Behaviour to *Hunter* when laſt he was here?

Tip. What do you infer from thence, Madam?

Pheb. No Good I fear — my anxious Heart forebodes ſome approaching Evil — I wiſh I may be miſtaken.

Tip. Lord, Madam, you are always boding and divining, as if there were any Cauſe to ſuggeſt thoſe Fears; his Indifference might have proceeded from ſome Accident in his Affairs, which for that time had a little chagreen'd him.

Pheb. I wiſh it be no other — I am always willing to hope the beſt — Beſides, you know a Heart like mine is ever perplex'd, and in doubt, 'till poſſeſs'd of it's Deſire.

AIR

AIR III. *Young* Phileret *and* Celia *met.*

The Youth whom I, to ſave wou'd die,
Surpaſſes all Deſire;
Love's fatal Dart, enflames my Heart,
And ſets me all on Fire:
The plaintive Dove, without her Love,
Thus mourns like me oppreſt;
But when her Mate arrives, tho' late,
Joy triumphs in her Breaſt.

Tip. You find, Madam, what a Tyrant this little God of Love is, how he triumphs over our Hearts, and ſports with our Miſery.

AIR IV. *As* Chloe *full of harmleſs Thoughts, &c.*

The Fiſh in Innocence ſecure,
Once tempted by the Bait;
Purſues and ſnaps the treach'rous Lure,
And meets her certain Fate:
So Virgins when to Love betray'd,
Indulge the pleaſing Pain;
The Paſſion does each Senſe invade,
They ne'er are free again.

Enter Quorum.

Quor. Hey dey!— whither now Girl? you are as finely bedizen'd as if this were to be your Wedding-day.

Pheb. I hope, Sir, 'tis no ſuch Wonder to ſee me dreſt: 'Tis my Ambition always to appear as your Daughter.

Quor. But I fear thoſe fine Cloaths may draw you into Temptations; for a young Girl well dreſt now-a-days, is like a gawdy Butter-fly in Summer; which not only attracts the Eyes, but is in Danger of being catch'd by every Gazer; therefore I muſt have no gadding abroad.

Pheb. You don't allow me, Sir, to ſee Company at home, and methinks 'tis very hard to be debarr'd the

Pleaſure

Pleaſure of viſiting my Friends ſometimes, eſpecially when 'tis no Expence to you.

Quor. Tho' it be not, it may prove of ill Conſequence to us both ——— but, my Dear, I have a Requeſt to make you.

Pheb. I wait your Pleaſure, Sir.

Quor. Which is, that you reſolve to forget *Hunter*, and not to receive any more Viſits from him for the future.

Pheb. Pray, Sir, your Reaſon?

Quor. That you ſhall have at a proper Time; 'till when I hope you will remain ſatisfy'd, I have ſomething greater for you in my View: Beſides that young Fellow is in a manner a Stranger to us, and who knows but he may be the oppoſite of what he ſeems: At leaſt I ſhall ſuſpect him without other Aſſurances than his own.

Pheb. Conſider, Sir, what a difficult Task you impoſe upon me; I am afraid 'tis not in my Power to forget one, who already has too ſure a Poſſeſſion of my Heart: If I am to blame, 'tis only the Performance of my Duty, ſince you yourſelf firſt recommended him to me, and made me promiſe to accept of him for an Huſband; nor am I more anſwerable for it, than you, Sir, for commanding it.

Quor. True — I own I was ſomewhat precipitate in my Reſolutions before I thoroughly knew him: But now I have weigh'd Matters, I find him not fit for our Purpoſe, having a Match propos'd me, much more to our Advantage: And in Caſes of this Nature, Int'reſt ought always to be firſt conſider'd; therefore without more Evaſions, I muſt be obey'd.

AIR V. Polwart *on the Green.*

Pheb. Since I by your Conſent,
Did firſt beſtow my Heart;
Think on our loſt Content,
If thus oblig'd to part:
When faithful Souls in Love unite,
We live but to adore;
Each other's Paſſions we requite,
Nor can recal it more.

Quor.

Quer. Was it for this I always brought you up with the tendereſt Care, and ever nouriſh'd you in my Boſom, 'till under my paternal Wings you are now ripen'd into Woman; and will you thus like a Viper, ungratefully ſting me to the Heart by your Diſobedience? away —

AIR VI. Moggy Lawder *or a Day.*

Sure Woman was at firſt deſign'd,
As Nature's richeſt Treaſure,
To ſooth the Paſſion of Mankind,
With each bewitching Pleaſure:
But ſhe in ev'ry State of Life,
E'er ſince the firſt Creation,
Whether as Widow, Maid, or Wife,
Still proves our whole Vexation. [*Exit.*

Tip. Go thy ways for an Ill-natur'd avaritious old — what an unreaſonable Creature is your Father, Madam? firſt to engage you in an Amour with an agreeable pretty Fellow, and then command you to break off with him, without any Reaſon, more than ſome unaccountable Caprice of his own.

Pheb. Right, and as if my Heart were now at my own Diſpoſal — vain Suppoſition! But let me canvaſs the Matter fairly —

Tip. Now for a hard Struggle between Love and Obedience — Madam, I'll venture my Life on Love's Side.

Pheb. If it were in my Power to diſengage myſelf — and admit it already done — what have I afterwards in view to counterballance the loſs of the preſent only Joy of my Life? — I am here to be eternally immur'd as a gawdy Piece of Furniture, amongſt the other old-faſhion'd Moveables of this antiquated Manſion — to converſe with none but my Goaler of a Father, and the reſt of his nauſeous Brotherhood: To be excluded the Society of my own Species; except once a Year at my Lord-Mayor's Ball, and aſſociate with none but our fulſome Clark and my own Hoyden of a Maid — bleſt Condition! —

Tip. So much for Obedience — now for Love — an ample Theme I muſt confeſs.

Pheb.

Pheb. But on the other Hand, if I purſue my Inclinations, what luxoriant Scenes of Pleaſure appear in Proſpect? — Such as a happy Deliverance from this Cloiſter — a Communication with the World — the Poſſeſſion of an only Lover — Freedom — Marriage — Diverſion, and a Thouſand other nameleſs bewitching Joys of Life — then *Phebe*, love on and live.

Tip. Apropos — juſt as I gueſs'd.

AIR VII. *With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee.*

Pheb. Tranſporting are the ſollid Joys,
Which faithful Love beſtows;
All other Pleaſures are but Toys,
Which yield to faint Repoſe:
Thus when I ſpy
My Charmer nigh,
My tender Glances prove;
That not a part,
Of this fond Heart,
But teems all o'er with Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Grigg, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab.

Grig. Come, Gentlemen of the Rag, here let us expect our King, who will be with us inſtantly: Let us range ourſelves in proper Order, to receive him — Whilſt I ſpeak for ye all — O here he comes —

Enter Chaunter.

Welcome, moſt noble Monarch, thus your poor Liegemen greet you,
May your Crutch never ſlip, your Beard ceaſe to grow;
Nor you leave the World, 'till your Head's white as Snow.

Omnes. Long live the mighty King *Chaunter.*

Chaun. Thanks to my People all — come, each Man ſit down — let all take their Places according to their ſeveral Degrees.

Omnes. We obey with Pleaſure.

Chaun. Now proceed we to Buſineſs — You all know there are a great many of our Friends and Subjects now in Confinement for their Art and Induſtry, which the miſtaken World calls Theft and Robbery, and as the Term is coming on, they muſt be ſpeedily releas'd, leſt the Conſequence brings a Scandal on our State: We muſt have Recourſe to our old Friend, Alderman *Quorum.*

Grig. Right, Sir.

Chaun. You are all acquainted with our grand Deſign of eſtabliſhing an Alliance with the Juſtice, by a Marriage between his Daughter and our Son, which if brought to paſs, will prove moſt advantagious to our Intereſt; ye are well aſſur'd of our conſtant Care of your Rights and Privileges, our general Support of your Liberty (Bleſſings we enjoy above all other States)

Grig. Do you hear that, Brother *Cant?*

Cant. Moſt ſweet King!

Gage. Courteous Prince!

Mump. How freely he talks!

Scrip. O happy Monarch!

Swab. And happieſt of People, who are bleſt with ſuch a Monarch!

Chaun. As this is one of our Days of meeting, or grand Councils of State, we have thus early call'd you together, that againſt the Hour appointed ye may be all prepar'd; and we hope ye will be ready to bring in your uſual Contributions at our Requeſt.

Omnes. All, all, to a Man —— One and all.

Grig. For who is he that would not riſque his Life for ſuch a Prince?

Cant. Under whoſe wiſe Government we enjoy the Liberty of a Common-wealth.

Gage. Whilſt each Man can toſs off his own Bouze —

Mump. And kiſs his own, or another's Wench on his own Straw ——

Scrip. Without danger of being lamb'd ——

Swab. In Honour of which let every Maunder clap his Hands and cry Huzza.

Omnes. Huzza, huzza, huzza!

Chaun. Buſineſs being over for this Time, we proclaim a general Suſpenſion of all counterfeited Pains or Aches whatſoever. Let falſe Blindneſs and Lameneſs be

now

now far from you: Let every Brother reſume his natural Shape; throw away Rags and Crutches, whilſt nothing but Mirth and Glee go round — Come fill round the Bouze, and crown it with a Song and a Chorus.

Omnes. A Song, a Song, a Song —

AIR VIII. *There was a jovial Beggar.*

Grig. Whilſt Diſcord and Envy in mighty Kingdoms dwell,
The Beggar lives at eaſe within his humble Cell.
And a Begging we will, &c.

Cant. No *Taxes* oppreſs us, nor Honours wreck our Brain,
State Maxims ne'er perplex us, nor Parties give us Pain. *And a Begging*, &c.

Gage. Exempt from all Duty by Land or yet by Sea,
We hope not to command, nor care much to obey.
And a Begging, &c.

Mump. Whatever we get we ſeldom keep in Store,
We ſpend it all To-day — To-morrow beg for more. *And a Begging*, &c.

Scrip. Our Laſſes in common we ev'ry one poſſeſs,
Marriage is a Prieſt-craft which makes Enjoyment leſs. *And a Begging*, &c.

Swab. We live as we liſt and skulk beneath the Laws,
For none but a Beggar ſhould judge a Beggar's Cauſe. *And a Begging*, &c.

Chaun. Contented when Death thro' Age approaches nigh,
In Pleaſure thus we live, and with Pleaſure thus we die. *And a Begging*, &c.

Thus my jolly Hearts, and loyal Subjects, may we ever live and reign: May our Coffers never want Cole, whilſt we have Power to maund, or Fingers to pilfer with — but one Thing I had almoſt forgot — Late laſt Night arriv'd a Lord to take poſſeſſion of an Eſtate: You muſt all away to his Lodgings inſtantly and welcome him after the uſual Manner, perhaps ye may move his Bowels

of Compaſſion to open his Purſe — but firſt let me hear your congratulating Speech — who is Orator To-day?

Grig. That am I — let me alone to harangue ——

Chaun. Come, *Grig*, imagine yourſelf there —— adjuſt your Phize —— ſcrew up your Notes, and addreſs his Lordſhip like a true Son of the Crutch, whilſt all range themſelves in a pitiful Confuſion.

Grig. Hem —— The Prince of Pity preſerve the right Honourable the Lord ſuch a one; a miſerable Company of Wretches come to welcome you to Town, and wiſh your Lordſhip Wealth and Happineſs; may your Tenants never break, nor your Rents be ill paid, but Fortune ſtill flow upon you: May Glory bleſs your Days, and Pleaſure crown your Nights. The Prayers of the Poor are before either Drums or Muſick. Old and Lame, Dumb and Blind, beg the Gift of your Honour's Charity, who will ever, (as in Duty bound) pray for your Lordſhip's long Life and good Proſperity.

Chaun. Well ſtrain'd *Grig* — but methinks 'tis now Time to lay aſide that Speech; 'tis grown old and common; 'twill be notic'd, and we ſhall loſe by it — we ſhould alter our Form of Speech, as often as we do our Rags and Sores, to gain us the more Commiſeration — If ye ſucceed now, I will pen another ready for the next Occaſion, with the proper Tones of Voice ſuitable thereto ——

AIR IX. *Glorious Firſt of* Auguſt.

The Beggars King, tho' thus in State,
Supports it all by Begging,
My Subſidies ſtill make me great,
Collected too by Begging:
And thro' the World we daily ſee,
Prieſt, Courtiers, Lawyers — all agree,
To live and act as well as we,
In the noble State of Begging.

[*Exeunt ſinging the Chorus.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Hunter, with Muſick.

AIR X. *Coal-black Joak.*

Hunt. Of all the Girls in our Town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
With their ſoft Eyes and Faces ſo bright;
Give me a Girl that's blith and gay,
As warm as *June*, and as ſweet as *May*,
With her Heart free, and faithful as Light:
What lovely Couple then cou'd be
So happy and ſo bleſt as we,
On whom eternal Joys wou'd ſmile,
And all the Cares of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Bliſs each rapturous Night.

Who wou'd take *Harry Hunter* for a Beggar's Son, thus equipp'd, and thus lodg'd? and yet, how many pretty Fellows are there in Town, who cut a ſmart Figure, but as mere Out-ſides as I am? whoſe Eſtates, like mine, are ſituate, lying and being *in Nubibus* — But egad I begin to think there is ſome Secret at the Bottom of all this which I am yet a Stranger to: Nor can I help imagining that either my Father is an occaſional Beggar, or that I am not his Son —— Well, be it as it may — if I am always thus ſupply'd, I ſhall never ſeek any farther — and if I can but obtain my dear *Phœbe* — then Fortune do thy wroſt ——

AIR XI. *Te Nymphs and Sylvian Gods.*

Ye Minutes ſwiftly move,
That bear me to my Love;
When *Phebe*'s near,
I'm de-bo-nair,
And happier far than *Jove*:
Her every Charm,
Has Power to warm
The coldeſt *Cynick*'s Breaſt;
In each fond Sigh,
My Wiſhes fly,
To tell how I
In Abſence die,
'Till of my Dear poſſeſt.

Mrs. *Chaun.* within] *Harry* — why *Harry Hunter* — *Hunt.* Ha! my Mother's Voice — away, Gentlemen, as faſt as you can — Quick — fly — begone — ſo all's well again. [*Exeunt Muſick.*

Enter Mrs. *Chaunter.*

Mrs. *Chaun.* Bleſs me, *Hal* —— methought I heard Fiddles this way.

Hunt. I was only diverting myſelf, Madam, with a Tune or ſo.

Mrs. *Chaun.* But ſure, my Dear, you han't been a Bed yet ——

Hunt. You wou'd not have me be ſo unfaſhionable, Madam, to go to Bed with the Sun, and riſe with the Lark; there is not a pretty Fellow in Town, but wou'd for ever forfeit his Character, if he were once known to ſleep before this Hour.

Mrs. *Chaun.* But I'm afraid you'll break your Conſtitution, and impair your Health by your nightly Revels.

Hunt. Not in the leaſt, Madam —— let your dull heavy Rogues of Buſineſs, Politicians, Fools and Huſbands reſt all Night: But for us Gentlemen of Pleaſure, who know how to improve our Hours, and reliſh the

the Joys of Life, no Time is comparable to the Night; in whose silent Minutes, when the rest of the World are dead in Appearance, we live in Reality: Every Moment brings with it it's peculiar Blisses —— what Life — what Joys — what Transports, does every beauteous Toast inspire! Why, Madam, there is not a Charm from Head to Foot in my divine *Phebe*, but I have swallow'd down in a full Glass of sparkling *Burgundy*, and yet was never better in all my Life.

Mrs. *Chaun.* Ay now, dear *Hal*, you begin to talk indeed; she is a Mistress well worth your Addresses: Pursue her close, and I'll warrant you'll win and wear her ——

AIR XII. *When Beauty will its Power pursue.*

When Youth and Beauty join with Art,
To charm a tender Virgin's Heart;
Who can the dear Temptation shun?
The Bait allures, they forward run,
And willing yield to be undone.

Hunt. But when some heavenly Nymph we view,
Languishing, soft, and blooming too:
How many Youths distracted fly
To catch the fair Enchanter's Eye;
And round her Charms expiring lie?

Enter Grig.

Ha! my dear *Mercury*, thou'rt welcome — What News from the Island of Love?

Grig. Oh! Sir, I am as much jaded as a Carrier's Horse — I have walk'd 'till I am tir'd, waited 'till almost famish'd, and have groan'd under the Weight of this Wax, Ink and Paper — 'till my Heart is e'en broke again.

Hunt. Quick, quick, Sirrah — thus wou'd I devour the dear Hand that wrote it — My Impatience will scarce give me leave to open it.

Reads.] "If you regard your own Happiness, or my "Welfare, you will, as soon as possible, let me see you "about an Affair which equally concerns us both: My

"Fathe

" Father will be out of the Way 'till Dinner. Remem-
" ber your Abſence will prove dangerous to her, who
" only lives in your Preſence. *Phebe.*

Raptures unſpeakable——

AIR XIII. *Deel take the Wars.*

Behold, I fly on Wings of ſoft Deſire,
Whilſt gentle Zephyrs waft me on;
Eager as when a Bridegroom all on fire,
Longs from the Company to be gone:
She bluſhing flies the Pleaſure,
He ruſhing graſps his Treaſure,
'Till with mutual Tenderneſs each other they warm:
Since *Phebe*'s my Guide,
And Love does perſide,
Each Monarch tho' great,
Wou'd envy my State,
For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Power to charm. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Chaun.* Why *Grig*, I think your Maſter's Affairs go on ſwimmingly — You are a rare Manager in Matters of Love.

Grig. Yes, Madam, Thanks to my Induſtry; I'm ſure I ſpare no Pains to bring it to a Match; then, Madam, you know I'm ſerviceable to the Family in a double Capacity, both as a Servant and a Beggar.

Mrs. *Chaun.* I'll ſay that for you, you were always a promiſing Fellow. I hate your dull unactive Rogues, who ſtill drudge on the ſame Way they firſt ſet in: Give me a Man of an enterprizing Spirit, that loves Variety; one that will not be crampt in his Genius, but ſhoots at every Game that offers, who rather than be idle, will ſtick at nothing——

AIR XIV. *Here is a Penny-worth of Wit.*

The Man that bravely ventures all,
A noble Fortune once may get;
The Gamſter's Stock at firſt tho' ſmall,
Encreaſes by a lucky Hit.

Grig.

Grig. Right, Madam; there's nothing like a good Reſolution.

Mrs. *Chaun.* Beſure, *Grig*, let me know what Succeſs attends your Maſter on this Summons. [*Exit.*

Grig. I ſhall, Madam. — If my Maſter obtains his Ends on the Miſtreſs, perhaps I may mine on the Maid. She knows not yet that I am a Beggar, and if, when ſhe does, ſhe likes me not, ſhe may go to the Devil for *Grig*, for I would not alter my Condition for the beſt Commiſſion of Peace in the City — however I'll try her, 'tis but taking up with *Tib* at the worſt; in order to which I'll firſt take a chirping Glaſs, and then ——

AIR XV. *Highland Lilt.*

For when the Head is full of Wine,
The Heart is brisk and jolly;
The preſent Minutes ſhall be mine,
In ſpite of Melancholy:
Let ſober Fools indulge their Spleen,
Without a Flask or Charmer;
Give me a Girl of ſweet fifteen,
With Love and Wine I'll warm her. *Tol, lol, &c.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Phebe, Tippet.

Pheb. Oh! my dear *Tippet*, how long he ſtays; methinks 'tis an Age ſince I writ to him; perhaps ſome new Accident detains him.

Tip. 'Tis but the Exceſs of your Paſſion, Madam; which ſuggeſts to you a Thouſand needleſs Fears.

Pheb. But do you think I can ever forego my Love? ah, no! — ſooner ſhall Courtiers keep their Words, City Magiſtrates diſtribute Juſtice, and Lawyers plead for Charity.

AIR XVI. *Once I had a Sweet-heart.*

Oh! how can I think from my True-Love to part,
Oh! how can I think from my True-Love to part,
The Moment I loſe him, the Moment I loſe him,
The Moment I loſe him, 'twill break my fond Heart.

Tip.

Tip. And wou'd you diſobey your Father — ſo good, ſo careful a Parent?

Pheb. Rather a Tyrant to me — do not vex me into longer Life; for if my *Hunter* finds not an Expedient to relieve me, certain Death will be my Doom.

Tip. At Eighteen! — talk of dying at Eighteen — Prodigious ——

Pheb. Without Love and Youth preſerve me.

Tip. What a Monſter art thou, *Cupid*, over poor Creatures of Eighteen! There is not one amongſt an Hundred of us, but is more taken with a Toy at Eighteen, than at Eight and Twenty ——

AIR XVII. *The Spring's a coming.*

Young Virgins love Pleaſure,
As Miſers do Treaſure,
And both alike ſtudy to heighten the Meaſure;
Their Hearts they will riſle,
For ev'ry new Trifle,
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song!
But ſoon as they marry,
And find Things miſcarry,
Oh! how they ſigh that they were not more wary,
Inſtead of ſoft wooing,
They run their own Ruin,
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

Enter Hunter.

Hunt. Oh! my Life — my Love — my *Phebe.*

Pheb. At ſight of thee, my Joy's too great to laſt; for oh! how ſhall I ſpeak it? my cruel Father has forbid me e'er to ſee you more; regardleſs of his firſt Propoſal to you, which was the unhappy Reaſon of my ſending for you.

Hunt. Hard-hearted Wretch! — can you not gueſs the Cauſe, my Love?

Pheb. I know no other, than his poſitive Commands I ſhou'd obey.

Hunt.

Hunt. And can my deareſt *Phebe* ever think of parting with her *Hunter*, who only lives to love and to adore her?

Pheb. Heart-breaking Thought! I cannot bear it —— O no, my Love, I'm wholly yours in ſpite of all Obedience —— I will never forſake you whilſt there is Swiftneſs in Thought, Pleaſure in Flattery, or Conſtancy in Malice.

Hunt. Sooner then ſhall Tygers live in Water, Fiſh on Land, and Bees forſake their ſweeteſt Flowers, than I'll forego my deareſt *Phebe*: Not all the Powers on Earth ſhall e'er divide thee from me.

Pheb. Then Fortune I deſpiſe thee ——

AIR XVIII. *Young* Damon *once the happy Swain.*

Thus bleſt in thee, I'll brave my Fate,
Nor envy all the mighty Great;
In thee I doubly live:
For oh! what Tranſports do enſue
The Paſſion that's inſpir'd by you,
Which you alone can give.

Hunt. Not all the Service of my Life is ſufficient to requite this Fondneſs.

Pheb. Contrive but ſome means for my Deliverance hence, and you will over-pay me.

Hunt. Conclude it already done; for I'll this Day redeem you, tho' it coſt my Life; for what is Life without my deareſt loveliest *Phebe?*

AIR XIX. *One* April *Morn when from the Sea.*

When the Bright Sun at Noon of Day
His genial Beams diſpences,
Nature revives and ſeems all gay,
Refreſhing human Senſes:
So the ſoft Raptures of thy Love
My raviſh'd Heart poſſeſſing,
Do to my Soul more grateful prove
Than any Earthly Bleſſing.

Pheb.

Pheb. Ah me, how ſoon my Fears controul my Bliſs — methinks I hear my Father call — you muſt be gone.

Hunt. Muſt we then part ſo ſoon? ——— dreadful Sound! —— hard Fate for Lovers!

Pheb. When you are gone, and out of Sight; ah! think upon your *Phebe:* Let not other Objects interpoſe between my Love and me —— remember I'm a Priſoner, and muſt be ſo without you —— One laſt farewel ——

Hunt. One dear — one ſoft Embrace — and now ——

AIR XX. Peggy *grieves me.*

Since we muſt part — my Love adieu,
But oh! I die to leave thee;
Pheb. Your Abſence will my Fears renew,
And of all Joy bereave me:
Hunt. We part, my Life, to meet again,
Tho' now we muſt retire:
Pheb. Then haſte! oh! — haſte to eaſe my Pain,
Leſt I with Grief expire.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Quorum, *and* Chaunter.

Quor. COME, honeſt *Chaunter*, ſit thee down, and be welcome — you are grown a great Stranger of late; I ſuppoſe you are now come upon the old ſcore of Redemption; there are ſome Friends of yours in *Limbo.*

Chaun. How many, Sir?

Quor. About Half a Dozen, or ſo.

Chaun. All Men, Sir?

Quor. No, I think there are of both Sexes; my Clerk can tell you their Names.

Chaun. Hum — what a pity 'tis Mr. *Alderman*, that Induſtry ſhou'd be ſo much diſcourag'd as 'tis?

Quor.

Quer. I believe, Mr. *Chaunter*, if ſome others were of your Principles, the Gifts of Fortune would be more equally diſtributed than they are.

Chaun. Right — how happy was the primitive World, when there were no other Laws to govern by, than thoſe of Nature? when Men enjoy'd every Thing in common; and no ſuch Crimes were heard of as Robbery or petty Larceny: When if a poor Man wanted any Thing his rich Neighbour poſſeſs'd, he might take it without farther Ceremony, and be in no Danger of a Goal; but it was look'd upon as a Loan which he was again to repay in ſome other kind —— But Hoſpitality is long ſince baniſh'd the World, and the Laws of Nature quite perverted.

AIR I. *Captain* Mc. Can.

How hard is the Fate
Of Men in each State,
All Slaves to Ambition and Riches, and Riches.
No Vices or Pain,
They'll ſtick at for Gain,
For Money all People bewitches, bewitches.
But who can there be
So happy as we?
For Beggars ne'er ſtudy for Treaſure;
So we live and no more,
We value no Store,
We think of nought elſe but our Pleaſure, our Pleaſure.

Quer. Why, as you ſay, if every Thing was in common as formerly, Men wou'd not have theſe Temptations to be wicked; for then 'twere in their Power to enjoy their Deſires, without having Recourſe to Fraud or Circumvention to obtain them: and I am ſure whilſt you and I live in the World, we ſhall never ſee a Reformation; ſo drink about.

AIR II. *In the merry Month of* June.

Here's to thee, honeſt Fellow,
Come roundly play your part;
Chaun. I'd drink 'till I am mellow ———
Your Health with all my Heart:
Quor. Let Men live as they liſt,
So we our Ends obtain;
Then here's to thee—*Chaun.* And here's to thee,
Quor. And here's to thee again.

Chaun. But I had almoſt forgot, your Worſhip ſaid there were half a Dozen Friends of mine in Cuſtody; of what Order are they?

Quor. Order, ſay you? — I underſtand you not — I never in the leaſt ſuſpected you had any Order amongſt ye — Pray explain yourſelf.

Chaun. Why, Sir, by this Time I thought you had been better acquainted with the Beggar's Conſtitution — Order Sir! — there is not a State or Monarchy in *Europe* better regulated and more in Subjection to its Laws than ours. We are a free-born People, and enjoy Liberty to a greater Extent than any Nation under the Sun — we are not confin'd to any one Kingdom, or Empire; no; Sir — the whole Globe is ours, which we range over at Pleaſure — then for Property, who can equal us? — for tho' we know not any ſuch Thing among ourſelves, yet we make every Man's Property our own, as far as Art and Induſtry will permit us — and as for Pleaſure — in that particular we are envy'd by all Mankind.

Quor. Ha, ha, ha! — I muſt confeſs 'till now, I ever thought Poverty and Pleaſure incon patable.

Chaun. Good Words, Mr. *Alderman* — tho' you ſeem to deſpiſe Poverty, I doubt not but the Beggar's Purſe is the beſt Feather in your Cap.

Quor. My Cap, Mr. *Chaunter?* I don't underſtand what you aim at — I am not us'd to ſuch kind of Language — I hope you know who I am.

Chaun. Ay, Sir, and I know I have purchas'd my Knowledge of you at a dear Rate — muſt I be contemn'd, and pay for't too? — lookee, Mr. *Alderman*, were it not for

for us Beggars, your Commiſſion wou'd not be worth Two-Pence.

Quor. Is this Treatment in my own Houſe? — you are an impudent Impoſter — and I will not bear it ——— begone ———

AIR III. *This great World is a Bubble.*

Hence, you ſawcy Fellow,
Know you thus to whom you prate?
Dare ſuch Varlets bellow,
In their abject State?
Fly, no more provoke me,
Leſt thro' Rage I choak thee:
Nothing elſe ſhall ſave
So vile, ſo baſe a Slave.

AIR IV. *Come let us prepare.*

Chaun. Pray, good Mr. *Bluff*,
Why in ſuch a Huff?
Upbraid me not with my Condition,
Tho' Juſtice of Peace
I won'd not change Place
With you, for your — dirty Commiſſion.

Quor. Inſolence unparallell'd!

Chaun. You are — no better than you ſhou'd be; and I would not tarry under one Roof with you, wou'd you hire me — I am glad I know you — you ſhall be no Gainer by it, I aſſure you — this I deſign'd to drop here [*Shews a Purſe*] but now — I ſhall take it home again.

Quor. [*Aſide*] I muſt not part with him in this Humour — lookee, Mr. *Chaunter*, I am the fartheſt of any Man in the World from giving Abuſe without a ſufficient Cauſe; what I ſaid was only the Effects of a ſudden Paſſion I am ſubject to, but 'tis ſoon over; and ſince you rais'd it, you ſhou'd not take two or three haſty Words ſo ill — come, you muſt be appeas'd; we were both in the Wrong, and muſt pardon each other.

Chaun. Why, Mr. *Alderman*, tho' I'm a Beggar, yet I'm a Sturdy one; I have a Spirit of Reſentment as well

as any Man — I affront no Perſon, nor ſhall any Man abuſe me — beſides, above all People, you and I ſhould never fall out, for you know there's an old ſaying — I hope you'll pardon me — When Knaves fall out, honeſt People hear of their own, ha, ha, ha! As for my Part, I confeſs I'm no better than my Neighbours, nor are you, Mr. *Alderman*, I believe infallible, ha, ha, ha!

Quor. Ha, ha, ha! very right — Ha, ha, ha! we all have our Failings as you ſay, ha, ha, ha! methinks I don't reliſh this Wine: Come, we'll go into my Cloſet, and there over a Bottle of good *Burgundy* cement our Friendſhip.

Chaun. With all my Heart — and there we'll treat of my poor Brethren in Affliction.

AIR V. *Here's to thee my Boy.*

'Tis Wine that creates
And ſalves our Debates,
It makes us both captive and free; both, *&c.*
No Bus'neſs can paſs,
Without a dear Glaſs,
For Wine can make all Things agree. For, *&c.*

SCENE II.

Mrs. Chaunter, Strumer, Mopſey, Blouze, Drab, Manchet, Tib-Tatter.

Mrs. *Chaun.* I muſt confeſs a Glaſs of good Liquor is the beſt Remedy in the World for moſt kinds of Diſorders, and however reſerv'd we ſeem before People, Cuſtom, not our Inclinations, is in the Fault, for there is no Woman but loves a Glaſs privately — now ſince we are here met to be merry, let each chuſe that which is moſt agreeable to her Palate

Strum. I am for a Mug of Stout —— a good Quart and Half Pint, with a Toaſt and Nutmeg —— O 'tis a wonderful Cordial in a Morning.

Mop. Ay, if you had added a little *Brandy* and *Sugar*, it wou'd have been delicious, for there is nothing comparable to a Hot-pot.

Blouze. Now what do you think of a Quart of *March Beer* mull'd?

Drab.

Drab. Faugh —— give me an enlivening Dram of plain *Nantz.*

Man. Or what is better, a hearty Bouze of *Uſquebaugh.*

Tib Tat. And to my Mind there is nothing like a Glaſs of honeſt *Gin.*

Mrs. *Chaun.* As for my Part, I have always been very nice in my Liquor, and muſt own there is not any Thing that reliſhes with me, nor agrees ſo well with my Conſtitution as a little burnt *Brandy* — ſo let each have her Inclination.

Strum. No, no, Madam, in Complaiſance to you, we'll all drink of your Liquor.

Omnes. Ay, ay, burnt *Brandy* — burnt *Brandy* for ever ——

AIR VI. *High way to* Dublin.

Mrs. *Chaun.* Then fill up each Glaſs,
With powerful *Nantz*;
'Twill brighten each Face,
And Pleaſure enhance:
No *Rum* or *Champaign*;
Like *Nantz* can impart
Such Wit to the Brain,
Or Joy to the Heart.

Strum. What a ſtrange Paſs this World is come to — there is hardly any Thing to be had for Charity now-a-days——I remember when I was a young Girl, I cou'd raiſe Compaſſion with a pitiful Whine, and an affected Diſtemper, better than now I can with a Child at my Breaſt, and half a Dozen borrow'd ones more at my Heels.

Mop. As you ſay, Charity is at a very low Ebb indeed, for between the Church-Wardens and the Work-Houſe we are greatly Sufferers! If at a Door we beg an Alms, they bid us apply to the Church, where half the daily Contributions ſtick to the Fingers of the Collectors.

Blouze. And if we offer to complain, we are immediately whipt into the Work-Houſe, where we muſt

work our Fingers to the Bone; and be half ſtarv'd for our Labour, in order to enrich our Tyrannical Maſters.

Drab. As for my Part, I can't much complain, for what I loſe one way I make up another: You muſt know, I have hitherto been ſo fortunate with the Men, that within theſe half a dozen Years, I have had above a dozen Husbands, ſo that almoſt ev'ry Month has been Honey-Moon with me.

Man. Couzen *Tib* and I live after another Manner ——— we have the Luck to be always pregnant, and beſides what we get for letting out our Brats, we make a pretty good hand on't; for if we find an Opportunity wherever we go, we are a little nimble-Finger'd or ſo.

Tib Tat. And if we chance to fail that way, we generally paſs for a Couple of Gypſies; and you know the young Girls are as full of Queſtions about Sweet-Hearts, as we are fond of gulling them.

AIR VII. *Leſtrum pone.*

By dint of Aſſurance our Projects we carry,
We know by Experience young Girls love to marry;
We promiſe good Fortunes and Husbands in Store,
So chouſe 'em, and leave 'em as they were before.

Strum. Come, my Girls, let's bouze about, I hate to talk when we have better Buſineſs in Hand—fill Bumpers round, and drink her Majeſty's Health.

Mop. Ay, ay, drink and ſing for ever.

Blouze. Right — and to grace the Health, let's have a Song, we hope, Madam, you'll lead the Way in this, as in every Thing elſe.

Mrs. *Chaun.* O by all means — I love Diverſion with all my Heart ———

AIR

AIR VIII. *Talk no more of Wig or Tory.*

I.

How bleſt are Beggars Laſſes,
Who never toil for Treaſure;
We know no Care, but how to ſhare
Each Day's ſucceſſive Pleaſure:
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars ſtill with Bliſs abound;
Mirth and Joy, ne'er can cloy,
Whilſt the ſparkling Glaſs goes round.

II.

Strum. A Fig for gawdy Faſhions,
No want of Cloaths oppreſſes;
We live at Eaſe, with Rags and Fleas,
We value not our Dreſſes.
Drink away, &c.

III.

Mop. We ſcorn all Ladies Waſhes,
With which they ſpoil each Feature;
No Patch or Paint, our Beauties taint,
We live in ſimple Nature.
Drink away, &c.

IV.

Ble. No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours,
At Morn or Ev'ning teaze us;
We drink not Tea, or Ratifia,
When ſick a Dram can eaſe us.
Drink away, &c.

V.

Drab. What Ladies act in private,
By Nature's ſoft Compliance;
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
To kiſs without a Licenſe.
Drink away, &c.

VI. *Man,*

VI.

Man. We know no Shame or Scandal,
The Beggars Law befriend us:
We all agree in Liberty,
And Poverty defends us.

Drink away, &c.

VII.

T. Tat. Like jolly Beggar-Wenches,
Thus, thus we drown all Sorrow,
We live To-day, and ne'er delay
Our Pleasure 'till To-morrow.

Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with Bliss abound;
Mirth and Joy, ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.

Mrs. *Chaun.* Thus may we ever indulge ourselves in dear Delight — the Hour is come which calls me hence, let us now depart 'till another Opportunity — thus I lead the Way —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Phebe *and* Tippet.

Tip. Make no doubt on't, Madam, he'll be as good as his Word; I never yet heard of a Lover that wou'd slip an Opportunity of rescuing a Mistress in your Circumstances.

Pheb. But when I consider the Difficulties he has to surmount, I almost despair of his Success.

Tip. Leave that to him, Madam; the greater Hardship, the more Glory: Difficulty heightens Love, and he that wou'd obtain a Kernel, must first hazard his Teeth in breaking the Shell before he comes at it,

AIR

AIR IX. *On a Bank of Flowers*, &c.

When a Lover's Sighs his Miſtreſs gains,
What Joys his Soul poſſeſs?
The Mem'ry of his former Pains,
Augments his Happineſs:
T' enjoy the Fair then ſtrait he flies,
No Danger can the Youth ſurprize,
With a Fal, lal, lal, la, *&c.*
'Till in her Arms he dies.

Thus will it prove with your *Hunter* and you, Madam.

Pheb. Fain won'd I believe it, but have little hopes — this Day is fix'd for our Eſcape, but how, or after what Manner I am yet to learn — well — ſooner or later, I am prepar'd — O *Tippet!* did you but know my Heart, you wou'd certainly pity me.

AIR X. *Paſt One a Clock in a cold froſty*, &c.

Shou'd the dear Youth now fail to relieve me,
Or be ſucceſsleſs in his Deſign;
What Pow'r on Earth from Death can reprieve me,
If the dear Charmer muſt ne'er be mine?
O God of Love, do but propitious ſmile,
Lend him thy Wings to bear me hence away;
Favour our Flight, and all my Fears beguile,
And I'll adore thee both Night and Day.

Enter Quorum.

Quor. Come hither, *Phebe* — have you not always found me an indulgent Parent?

Pheb. Yes, Sir, and I hope I have ever behav'd as a dutiful Child.

Quor. And ſuch I expect you ſtill to be; for to convince you how well I deſerve your Duty, and how anxious I am for your welfare, I am come to beſtow on you a Lover highly deſerving your Acceptance, in Recompence

compence for one you have loſt — 'tis the Young — the Rich, the Sprightly *Tradelove*, my Brother Alderman's Son, juſt come from the Temple.

Pheb. Then, Sir, he deſerves a better Fortune; he'll ne'er accept of me.

Quor. I tell you, Child, 'tis his own Propoſal, he'll be here himſelf To-day, and then defend your Heart if you can.

Tip. Mind that, Madam, there's nothing like Variety.

AIR XI. *Young* Jockey *blith and gay.*

That Maid ne'er knows her Heart,
But by one Spark careſs'd;
The Pain is ſmall to part,
When in another bleſt:
'Tis ſweet Variety
That Beauty does controul,
But Intereſt ſtill ſhould be
Aſcendant o'er the Soul.

Enter Grig *in diſguiſe.*

Grig. Pray, Sir, does the worthy Alderman *Quorum* live here?

Quor. Yes, Friend, I am the Perſon.

Grig. Sir, I moſt humbly beg your Worſhip's Pardon — hearing, Sir, that your Worſhip had been a great Traveller, and a Gentleman of much Curioſity, I have made bold to bring one of the moſt ſurprizing Rarities that ever was ſeen in *Europe*, to ſhew your Honour.

Quor. Ay, pray what may that be?

Grig. Why, Sir, you muſt know that once making a Trading Voyage to the *Indies*, it was my Misfortune to be caſt away on the Coaſt of *Tartary*, where I loſt both Ship and Cargo, and very narrowly eſcap'd with my Life: When I reach'd the Shore, I was taken up by ſome of the great *Cham*'s Officers, who carry'd me to Court, where I remain'd for ſome Years very much eſteem'd by the *Tartars*.

Quor. Very well — go on Friend — I love to hear ſuch odd kind of Adventures.

Grig. It happen'd that one of the petty Princes of the Empire rais'd a great Rebellion, againſt whom the *Cham* himſelf was oblig'd to march with his whole Army, amongſt whom I had the Honour to be one: In ſhort, Sir, we met, fought and deſtroy'd all our Enemies, where I had the good Fortune to take the Prince Priſoner, who was afterwards beſtow'd upon me for a Servant by the great *Cham*, for my good Services in this Expedition, together with my Liberty to depart his Dominions when I pleas'd; both which I accepted of, and am at laſt, as you ſee, arriv'd in my own Country, where I am neceſſitated to ſhew him publickly, as a means to repair my broken Fortunes, and humbly hope your Worſhip will grant me your Licence to expoſe him at this End of the Town.

Quor. Well, but what ſort of a Creature is he, and how call'd.

Grig. His Name, Sir, is *Aboubekir Cracomonopow* — but of ſo prodigious a Shape and Bulk, that without your Worſhip was to ſee him perſonally, all Deſcription could not paint him.

Quor. Indeed! — and pray where is this Wonder of a Man?

Grig. My Servants have him in a Coach at the Door; will your Worſhip pleaſe to ſee him?

Quor. O yes, by all means; I am a kind of a *Virtuoſo*, and love ſtrange Sights with all my Heart.

Grig. Without there — bring in the great *Aboubekir Cracomonopow*, I believe I muſt go myſelf for him. [*Exit.*

Quor. Phebe, Child, don't be afraid; you will immediately ſee ſomething ſurprizing.

Pheb. I am not over curious, Sir — come, *Tippet*, let us be gone.

Tip. O Madam, how can you be ſo indifferent? 'twill ſerve to amuſe you a little.

Quor. What, not ſtay to behold ſo prodigious a Wonder? I ſay you ſhall ſee him — I am reſolv'd you ſhall. 'Tis plain this Girl is not the Off-ſpring of theſe Loins by her want of Curioſity.

T 2

Tip. Beſides, Madam, who knows but there may be ſomething at the Bottom of all this that may prove to our Advantage.

Pheb. I fear not — I ſee not any Probability of Hope.

Enter Grig, *with* Hunter *diſguis'd.*

Pheb. } Oh!
Tip. }

Quor. Bleſs my Eyes! — pray, Sir, is he miſchevous? methinks I don't much like his Phiſiognomy.

Grig. Lord, Sir, he's as tame as one of us, except he be provok'd — pray, Ladies, fear him not, he's doatingly fond of your Sex, and is as complaiſant to the Ladies as any Courtier in *Chriſtendom* — come hither, Prince *Aboubekir Cracomonopow.*

Quor. Pray, Sir, keep him at a Diſtance, I deſire not a nearer Acquaintance — can he ſpeak pray?

Grig. Moſt admirable in his own Language; but 'tis a little barbarous or ſo; however you ſhall hear how he addreſſes the Ladies,

Be'de aken para thina poluphlos bojou thalaſſes.

Hunt. *Chauluchong auk gund a luck aleiger ludor ſeneg adoukel.* Madam — Madam — don't you know me? [*Advancing.*

Pheb. } Oh!
Tip. }

Quor. Oons! he'll devour 'em both — call in the Conſtables there.

Grig. Hold, Sir, don't provoke him — he's very terrible ſometimes — why, Sir, I have ſeen him eat up half a dozen *Tartars* for a Breakfaſt, and not have the worſe Stomach for his Dinner. He is one of your Man-eaters, or *Indian* Canibals — we muſt uſe him gently, ſo, ſo, ſo.

Enter Daſh.

Daſh. Sir, the Office is full of People waiting for your Worſhip.

Quor. Tell 'em I'll come preſently.

Daſh.

Daſh. But, Sir, they have already ſtay'd ſo long, they ſwear they will not wait any longer.

Quor. I'll be there before you can draw their Examinations — well, Sir, how is he now ——

Daſh. Why, Sir, they are already drawn; beſides, Sir, the People are impatient; they threaten to go to another Juſtice's and your Worſhip will loſe a great many Half Crowns.

Quor. Well, well, go in — I'll follow you this Moment. [*Exit* Daſh.] Friend, I muſt beg your Pardon a little; I'll be with you again inſtantly: I leave my Daughter with you; pray ſee that ſhe receives no hurt from your Man-Monſter.

Grig. Not in the leaſt, Sir, he is entirely obedient to my Will. Now the Coaſt is clear, be as ſpeedy as poſſible, Sir.

Hunt. Look on me, Madam, am I wholly a Stranger to you? hence all Diſguiſe, and know your faithful *Hunter*.

Pheb. O lucky Moment — happy, happy *Phebe!* How ſtupid was I, and blind to my Felicity? my Heart ſhou'd have convinc'd my Eyes that you were preſent and have flown to meet you.

Hunt. You ſee, my Dear, how Love diſguiſes us; and ſince I have thus far ſucceeded, let us improve the Opportunity, and fly this hated Place, whilſt *Grig* amuſes your Father, leaſt he ſuſpects a Counterfeit.

Pheb. Now all my Fears are over, I'm at your Diſpoſal: But, my dear *Tippet*, can I leave you behind me.

Tip. No, Madam, I'm reſolv'd to follow you where-ever you go, and ſhare in all your Fortunes.

Pheb. Then am I completely happy — now lead me where you pleaſe.

AIR XII. *Tho' cruel you ſeem to my Pain.*

Thus like ſome poor Captive in Chains,
Redeem'd from a mercileſs Crew,
I now bid adieu to my Pains,
To fly from Confinement with you.

Were Millions to bribe here my ſtay,
Whilſt Poverty round you did fly:
I'd ſpurn the vile Treaſure away,
Contented with you live and die.

AIR XIII. *As* Jockey *and* Jenny *together were laid.*

Hu. The Merchant poſſeſs'd of his Cargo on Shore,
Forgets all the Loſs he had ſuffer'd before;
Enrich'd thus, my Charmer, with Pleaſure I view,
The Joys of my Life all redoubled by you,
For oh! I would forfeit whole Empires to be
Thus bleſt and thus happy for ever in thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Grig. I am glad they are gone, for I hear *Quorum*: I muſt detain him whilſt they eſcape.

Enter Quorum.

Well, Sir, I was juſt coming to take my leave of you for this Time.

Quor. Ha! where's the Monſter and my Girl?

Grig. Why, Sir, your Daughter was afraid to ſtay after you were gone, and ſo quitted the Chamber, and I have ſent him home again 'till another Opportunity. I have a great many other Curioſities well worth your Worſhip's Obſervation, which I ſhall be proud to ſhew you ſome other Time.

Quor. Other Rarieties ſay you — what are they?

Grig. Why, Sir, I have the Aſhes of a *Phœnix* found in the Deſarts of *Arabia*, which incorporated with the Jelly of a fallen Star, perfectly reſtores the Dead to Life.

Quor. Incredible!

Grig. Then, Sir, I have the Cropſe of a noble *Tartar*, who kill'd himſelf at the Burial of his deceas'd Maſter, the great *Cham*, in order to accompany him in t'other World; who, tho' dead theſe Thouſand Years, is as freſh and as ſweet as if he dy'd but Yeſterday; and

when

when your Worſhip pleaſes, you ſhall ſee him reſtor'd to Life, by the help of the aforeſaid Medicine.

Quer. Wonderful indeed!

Grig. I have many more, Sir, as extraordinary in their Natures as theſe I have already mention'd: I ſhall make bold to wait on you in a Day or two, and muſt now take leave of your Worſhip with the following Catch, which I learn'd ſince my Arrival.

AIR XIV. *There was a poor Couple.*

When old Men grow peviſh and will not come too,
Fal, lal, lal, la, *&c.*
When old Men are peviſh and will not come too,
Their Children forſake 'em, as now I leave you.
Fal, lal, lal, la, *&c.*

So, Sir, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Quer. What can all this mean —— gone abruptly too? —— Egad I begin to ſmell a *Rat* —— ho, *Phebe* —— *Phebe* —— *Tipper* —— No body within there —— I'm robb'd, ruin'd and undone —— was ever Man ſo bamboozl'd by a lying Son of a Whore —— it was all a Contrivance, a Plot —— a damn'd Plot, to rob my Houſe and ſteal my Daughter —— O that Dog *Hunter* —— I'll be hang'd but it was he in diſguiſe —— what's to be done —— I ſhall be diſgrac'd, pointed at, and ſung about the Streets in Ballads; a Pox of his *Cracchow wow wow.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Chaunter, Grigg, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab, *and others.*

Chaun. Come, Princes of the Seven Orders, as this is our Day of Aſſembly or grand Council of State; 'tis our royal Pleaſure that the principal of each Order anſwer to his Name when call'd, and receive our proper Inſtructions according to Cuſtom —— come read away.

Grig. Jeremy Cupper, alias *Cant*, Prince of the Lippineers or blind Men.

Cant. Here.

Chaun. You are hereby requir'd to bring in the Contributions of your Order for Whites of Eggs, Izing-Glass and other Ingredients, wherewith you counterfeit Blindness, which you have had out of our general Magazine or Store-house this Quarter; but see that the few real Blind go Scot-free.

Grig. Roger Shallow, alias *Whimble*, alias *Gage*, Prince of the Filchers or Lame-men.

Gage. Here.

Chaun. You are much in Arrears for Rozen, Brimstone, Birdlime and Cream, to make false Sores and Cancers, besides wooden Legs, Stools and Crutches; discharge your Debts, and shift your Stations.

Grig. Barnaby Bumpkin, alias *Hobnail*, alias *Truckle*, alias *Mump*, Prince of the Maundareens or general Counterfeits.

Mump. Here.

Chaun. As you are much the larger and more numerous Order of the Seven, and consequently bring in a Revenue greater than all the rest put together; I have taken Pains to render ye compleat Rogues. I have study'd a new Exercise of the Crutch, with the different ways to cry, halt and stammer. We hope you will be as industrious in collecting your Tribute, as we have been in our Productions.

Grig. Robert Rymer, alias *Scrip*, Prince of the Carabances or Fools.

Scrip. Here.

Chaun. As there are many of ye more Knaves than Fools, I need not recommend any Thing to you, but Care that you are not discover'd, and that you frequent not one Place too often — you are ordered to bring in your Supplies.

Grig. Jeffery Trott, alias *Juggle*, alias *Swab*, Prince of the Beaucracks or real Objects.

Swab. Here.

Chaun. Since you are the fewest in Number of any of the Seven, and can scarce procure a bare Maintenance, by your pitiful Diseases, and Infirmities; we remit you

all Taxes due, or that shall become due for the future: But as Roguery is necessary in every Station of Life, if People would live in the World now-a-days, you must counterfeit even Death itself to raise Compassion.

Grig. Tim Simple, alias *Blunder*, alias *Gibbet*, alias *Grigg*, Prince of the Gypsies — that's I, please your Majesty.

Chaun. O Sir, you are Head of a numerous Gang, and a profitable one too; we have little Occasion to instruct you, your own Industry is sufficient: But I have for the good of the Publick in general, set down a new congratulating Speech for Welcomes, Marriages, *&c.* besides one for Funerals: As for the several Phrases of Begging in their most moving Tones, with proper Flats and Sharps occasionally, we have inserted them after a new Method for the Instruction of all: So that now ye are, if ye know it, the happiest of People, and I the greatest Monarch under the Sun.

Grig. Let each gratefully cry Huzza, and bless the King.

Omnes. Huzza, huzza, huzza! — Heaven preserve the noble King *Chaunter.*

Chaun. As for the seventh Order, whereof we ourself are Chief in a more particular Manner, we shall take Care, that every Thing be regularly manag'd. And now, my worthy People, and true Liegemen, as ye are all acquainted with the intended Marriage of Prince *Grig*, and *Tib Tatter*, the Celebration of which we intend to honour with the Nuptials of our Son *Harry*, and Justice *Quorum*'s Daughter *Phebe*; we therefore invite ye all to the Festival on that solemn Occasion, where ye shall see the Grandeur of a *Beggar's Wedding*: Ourself will send you notice of the Time; till when, be ready to appear in Case of any Accident.

Omnes. One and all — we'll die to serve our King.

Chaun. Come, my merry Hearts, fill about, and drink Success to the *Beggar's Wedding.*

Omnes. Success to the Wedding — Huzza ——

Grig. Now for a Song ——

AIR XV. *Come Neighbours now we've made our Hay.*

Let now each jolly Beggar ſing,
For who can be,
Happy as we,
Thus govern'd by our gracious King?
No Monarchy, tho' e'er ſo great,
But envies ſtill the Beggar's State:
Then let's carouze
Our ſparkling Bouze,
Our ſparkling Bou—ze
This will new Joys create.

CHORUS.

Let us drink Bumpers round,
Let us drink Bumpers round,
To the ſeven great Orders;
To all poor ragged Rogues,
To all poor, poor, poor ragged Rogues,
And the King *of the* Beggars.

Chaun. Now adjourn we 'till another Opportunity: *Grig*, diſmiſs 'em for this Time.

Grig. Let each Man repair to his reſpective Station, and there attend the King's farther Pleaſures.

Omnes. We joyfully obey his Majeſty, and thank the kind, the learn'd Prince *Grig*.

[*Exeunt ſinging the laſt* Chorus.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Hunter, Phebe, *Mrs.* Chaunter, Tippet.

Hunt. WElcome, my deareſt *Phebe*, to this ſafe Retreat; here may you remain ſecure from the Perſecution of your Father; call this Houſe from hence your own, and this Gentlewoman will take Care you are provided with every Neceſſary.

Mrs. *Chaun.* That I ſhall with Pleaſure — and ſhall think myſelf happy in the Company of ſo much Sweetneſs.

Pheb. You are too kind, Madam, my poor Merit deſerves not half this Goodneſs. Thus bleſt, ſure nothing can diſturb me, whilſt my *Hunter* is thus near me, for every Place with him is Paradice.

Hunt. My deareſt — worthieſt *Phebe* — thou art more than Woman, and I more happy than Mankind. I muſt now leave you for a few Moments, to give ſome neceſſary Directions about our approaching Nuptials; for I'm reſolved this Day ſhall make you mine for ever.

AIR I. *To all ye Ladies now on Land.*

Since Love and Fortune both incline
To crown our Hopes with Joy;
Soft *Hymen* ſhall our Bliſs refine,
And all our Lives employ:
To this poor World I bid adieu,
For Thouſands ſuch I find in you.
With a fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. *Chaun.* Come, Madam, be chearful and gay, command this Houſe as your own, and I hope you'll find no other Change in your new Lodgings than a greater Enjoyment of your Liberty. Pleaſe, Madam, to excuſe me, 'till I give ſome neceſſary Orders about your Apartment. [*Exit.*

Pheb.

Pheb. Now, my dear *Tippet*, what are your Thoughts about our Flight?

Tip. Thoughts, Madam? the moſt pleaſant in the World: I can't but laugh to think what a terrible Fright our Eſcape has occaſion'd in my poor Maſter, ha, ha, ha! — pardon me, Madam — now are there ſearch Warrants in every Corner of the Town after us: — I am the only Butt his Reſentment aims at — O, if ever he gets me in his Clutches again — Mercy on me ——

Pheb. Talk no more on't I beſeech you, the very Thought on't makes me tremble; if we be diſcover'd, I am undone for ever.

Tip. Fear not, Madam, we are as ſafe here as in a Convent; let the Knot be firſt ty'd, and then you need not care a Button for 'em all — you know, Madam, this is to be your Wedding-Day, 'tis Time to prepare yourſelf.

Pheb. O *Tippet*, 'tis what I always wiſh'd for, but now 'tis ſo near, methinks I dread it.

AIR II. *Once I was a Fool enough to love a Woman.*

When Maids to love are won,
Like mine their Wiſhes ſoar,
The Paſſion leads us on
To Joys unknown before:
With Extacy,
We forward fly,
To taſte the mighty Bleſſing:
But when we come
To meet our Doom,
We tremble at poſſeſſing.

Tip. Never fear, Madam, 'tis but venturing bravely once for all; Marriage is but a Leap which moſt Women take ſooner or later; and you know, Madam, as in War ſo in Love, Fortune generally favours the Brave.

AIR III. *There was a pretty Girl.*

Sure Marriage is a fine Thing,
It is ſo common grown; *ſal, lal, lal,* &c.
It is a Bait which all
Do ſwallow glibly down; *ſal, lal, lal,* &c.
To anſwer Expectation,
Such Joys it ſhou'd diſpence;
To recompence the Fools it makes,
By charming ev'ry Senſe.
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

Pheb. Come, *Tippet*, I ſhall want your Aſſiſtance. [*Exit.*

Enter Grigg.

Grig. Thus let me welcome thee, my Dear, to our Habitation. [*Kiſſes.*

Tip. Out — begone, ——

Grig. I'm ſure you love kiſſing, my Dear, or you are no Waiting-Maid.

Tip. I'm ſure nothing in that Garb ſhall ever tempt me — Who have we got here, in the Name of Wonder? — Our Gentleman's Gentleman metamorphos'd into a down-right Beggar — ha, ha, ha! ——

Grig. 'Tis a Title I glory in, my Dear, and wou'd rather be an humble Beggar, than the beſt Lord's Footman in the Kingdom — Tho' we be poor, we are our own Maſters; and the Cloths we ware, tho' ragged, are ſtill our own.

Tip. Ha, ha, ha! diverting enough — and ſo you want a Miſtreſs to carry your Wallet for you — ha, ha, ha!

AIR IV. *When firſt I ſaw my Nancy's Face.*

'Tis Time to wed, when Beggars wooe,
Can Love and Poverty agree?
When nought but Rags appear in view,
What Fool would ſell her Liberty?

Amongſt

Amongſt your Tribe then, never fear,
You will obtain a Spouſe, my Dear,
Whoſe Back and Sides ſhall ever bear
The Curſe of Want, and Load of Care.

AIR V. Collier's *Daughter.*

Grig. My Dear, why thus uneaſy?
Let's be be blith and merry O;
I'll ſing a Tune to pleaſe thee,
And make thy Heart full cherry, O.
Fal, lal, lal, la, *&c.* [*Dances about her.*
Since you're for ſinging, my Dear, have at you — well, how do you like me now — ha!

Tip. Not half ſo well as you like yourſelf, I dare ſwear.

Grig. I ſhould be ſorry for that, my Dear, for I know you love me, and I love you, and ſo we'll love whilſt loving is good.

Tip. Impudence to exceſs! — I ſhould be highly preferr'd indeed — Away — I'm call'd — remember as you deſerve, I'll reward you. [*Exit.*

Grig. Go thy ways for a true Daughter of *Eve* — now for my Embaſſy — I'll firſt call upon my Brother Gueſts, and then deliver my Letter in my way home. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab.

Cant. Come, come along, here we'll expect the Summons.

Gage. Ay, as you ſay, we muſt attend; the Time is near at hand.

Mump. We ſhall have a Meſſenger ſhortly.

Scrip. To invite us to a rare Living, my Lads.

Swab. I'll warrant ye your Bellies full, for the King is no Flincher.

Gage.

Gage. Ay, ay, we ſhall all fare deliciouſly.

AIR VI. *Abbot of* Canterbury.

When Beggars do marry for better for worſe,
Tho' it happens we have not one Souſe in our Purſe;
Like true Man and Wife in Wedlock we ſwing,
Tho' we beg all the Day, ſtill at Night we can ſing,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

To them Grig.

Grig. Well met, my Friends, I ſee ye're punctual to a Minute.

Cant. Always, Brother *Grig*, when there's Peck and Bouze in the Caſe.

Gage. Are all Things in a Readineſs? ſhall we live To-day, you young Dog you, ha? ——

Mump. And ſhall we get drunk into the Bargain, Sirrah, eh? ——

Grig. Without doubt — what, a Wedding and not drunk — out you puny Raſcals: Come, come, tuck up your Rags, and away; I'll but ſtep for a Parſon to ſtitch my Maſter and his young Doxy together, and will be with you in an Inſtant. ——

Omnes. Away, away to the Wedding Boys all.

Grig. Hold, I hear a Noiſe of Paſſengers — to your Poſtures.

Enter Quorum *and Conſtables.*

Cant. Bleſs your noble Honour.

Grig. One poor Penny amongſt us all.

Gage. Deaf and Dumb ——

Mump. Lame and Blind ——

Scrip. Aw, aw, aw ——

Swab. Heaven reward your Worſhip, conſider the Poor.

Grig. Poor Objects of Pity and Compaſſion; who will pray for your Honour Night and Day.

Quor. Take this amongſt you, Villains. [*Strikes 'em.*

Grig. May Health and Happineſs attend you.

Quor.

Quor. Ha! — methinks I know that Voice and Face. [*Aside*] Honeſt Friend, a Word with you.

Grig. [*Aside*] Sure I'm not diſcover'd — if he ſhou'd know me, I'm undone for ever. Bleſs your good Worſhip ——

Quor. 'Tis the very ſame — here ſeize this Fellow inſtantly — I know you, Rogue, through all your Diſguiſe.

Conſtab. Come, Sirrah, have we found you at laſt?

Grig. Dear, Sir, your Worſhip muſt be miſtaken: I'm but a poor Beggar, as you ſee, that lives by Charity.

Quor. No, you Rogue, you are the very Villain that entertain'd me with a pack of Lies, 'till your Accomplice ſtole away my Daughter; away with him this Inſtant.

Grig. O worthy Sir, but one Word before I go — hear me one Word in private.

Conſtab. By no means, you Dog, have you a Deſign upon his Worſhip's Life, you Scoundrel?

Quor. Hold, let us hear what he can ſay for himſelf however — but firſt ſearch him for fear of Danger.

Grig. Then all's diſcover'd — no hopes left — poor me muſt ſuffer — Well, *Grig*, thou art an unfortunate Dog, that's certain — dear *Tib*, my Spouſe that ſhou'd ha' been, adieu ——

Cant. Alaſs! poor Brother!

Gage. What ſhall we do?

Mump. I fear all our Feaſting is turn'd into nothing.

Scrip. Let us away leſt we ſhare his Fate.

Swab. Bloody Rogues! let us ſneak off one by one and acquaint the King of this Diſaſter — ſoftly for fear of Suſpicion. [*Exeunt.*

Quor. Ha! a Letter, ſay you? let me ſee it — perhaps it may make a Diſcovery. —— [*Reads.*

" Sir, pleaſe to let the Bearer wait upon you to my " Lodgings, where a young Lady and I wait your " Preſence, in order to be for ever united; be as expedi- " tious as poſſible, leſt Delays ſhou'd prove dangerous to " yours,

Henry Hunter.

I'll hunt you with a Vengeance — Come, Sirrah, this Moment conduct me thither, or I'll ſend you where

you

you shall never more behold the Light, but at your Execution.

Grig. Dear honourable Sir ——

Quor. Not another Syllable, or you are immediately gone — be quick, lead on, or die.

Grig. Then shall I be hang'd for a Traytor: So that either way nothing but Death is before me — but of two Evils, the least is to be chosen — come, Sir, I submit — ah, poor *Grig.*

AIR VII. *As I gang'd down to yonder Town.*

Alass poor *Grig!* — I must away,
Where pity ne'er can find me;
Hard Fate upon my Wedding-Day,
To leave my Bride behind me:
What tho' To-day my Back does bleed,
With Anguish, Pain and Sorrow;
I'll bear it all, so 'tis decreed
That *Tib* be mine To-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Hunter, Phebe, Tippet.

Hunt. Now, my Dear, the Time is come which makes me the happy Possessor of the most lovely of her Sex, I hope a few Moments more will make us one for ever.

Pheb. And if Love and Obedience can recompence your Goodness, and reward your wond'rous Care, you shall be doubly happy — but methinks I hear a strange kind of Noise in the House.

Hunt. O my Dear, 'tis an odd kind of an Entertainment, which the Gentleman of the House has prepar'd to celebrate our Nuptials with; who, by me, entreats your Presence to a Beggar's Wedding, which he is curious to have perform'd in his own House, in order to divert you.

Pheb. His Good-nature gives him too much trouble; I'd rather not go.

Tip. O Madam, that wou'd be unkind indeed.

Hunt. Let me prevail upon you, Madam; the Company are all this Minute seated in the next Room, and only wait your coming.

Pheb. If you requeſt it, ſure I muſt comply; for what is there in *Phebe*'s Power ſhe can deny her *Hunter*?

AIR VIII. *In ancient Days in* Britain's *Iſle.*

Hunt. Soft Turtles thus on every Spray
Their tendereſt Love impart;
Pheb. Sit fondly cooing all the Day,
To charm each other's Heart:
Hunt. My raviſh'd Fancy ſtill cou'd dwell,
On thy ſuperior Charms;
Pheb. Without thee every Place is Hell,
But Heav'n within thy Arms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Chaunter, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab, *Mrs.* Chaunter, Strumer, Mopſey, Blouze, Drab, Manchet, Tib Tatter.

Chaun. This is a Misfortune indeed, my Friends, to have our Bridegroom ſnatch'd away on his Wedding-Day; but we muſt take care to get him off as ſoon as poſſible — in the mean time, ſince we are all met, I'm reſolv'd to have a Wedding ſome way or other.

Omnes. A Wedding, a Wedding, a Wedding.

AIR IX. *Let's be merry, fill your Glaſſes.*

Chaun. Why ſhou'd Sorrow diſcompoſe us,
When we meet thus o'er our Bowls?
What, tho' Fortune does oppoſe us,
Spite of Fate we're jolly Souls.
Fa, la, la, la, *&c.*

Hunter, Phebe, Tippet.

Moſt kindly welcome, fair Lady — be ſeated pray — now all ſalute the happy Pair.

Omnes. Long live our Prince and Princeſs.

Hunt. We thank you heartily — Well, Sir, is every Thing ready? *Chaun.* Anon, good Sir.

Quorum

Quorum *and Conſtables with* Grig.

Quor. Bleſs my Eyes! what do I ſee? my Daughter amongſt a Crew of Beggars ——— this Inſtant ſeize 'em all.

Chaun. Hold, Gentlemen, not a Man ſtir on pain of Death.

Quor. Fly, fly, ye Villains — ſeize 'em — knock 'em down — fly ——

Chaun. Nay, then have at ye.

[*The Beggars beat off the Conſtables.*

Conſtables. A Reſcue, a Reſcue, a Reſcue ——

[*Exeunt.*

Grig. Now, Mr. *Alderman*, in my turn, I arreſt you in the noble King *Chaunter*'s Name.

Chaun. Well done, *Grig*; and we'll teach him to break the Peace again in our Preſence; for know, Mr. *Quorum*, your Commiſſion of the Peace, will not avail you here a Rag. You are now in the King of the Beggars Juriſdiction, and be aſſur'd we'll aſſert our Power.

Quor. This is Inſolence inſupportable — I'll trounce ye all — and as for you, you Robber of my Houſe and Daughter, you ſhall be doubly puniſh'd.

Hunt. Sir, I never meant to wrong you; what I have done was occaſion'd by your unjuſt dealing with me.

Quor. Racks and Tortures! upbraided to my Face —

Chaun. Looke, Sir, Paſſion ſignifies nothing here, what's paſt we graciouſly overſee; and to convince you of our Reſpect towards you, you are now at your Liberty to depart when you pleaſe; but if you ſtay, you ſhall be welcome to the Beggar's Wedding, which we are juſt about to celebrate for the Diverſion of my Son and your Daughter there.

Quor. Your Son! — Death and Hell — is *Hunter* your Son?

Chaun. Ay, Sir, and what then? — without Diſparagement he is not inferior to you or your Daughter either: For tho' I'm but a Beggar, I here engage to lay down Penny for Penny, if not double the Fortune you can give her.

Quor. Pray, Sir, reſtore me my Girl, and every Thing elſe is forgiven.

Chaun. Nay, Sir, to let you ſee I don't think her ſo great a Bargain, I don't care if you do take her.

Pheb. Wonders incredible! — O how I dread my angry Father: If you forſake me now I ſhall ſurely die: Tho' you have deceiv'd me in Appearance, I can't think of parting with you.

Hunt. Alaſs, my Dear! and ſtill I fear we muſt — by Heaven I will not bear it.

Pheb. Ah me! I wou'd rather ſuffer a Thouſand Deaths than go Home again, or be expos'd to the Severity of my Father.

AIR X. *Conforzo Eſcoſſa.*

O can I leave thee, [Bis.
Thou deareſt Treaſure?
Ceaſe to bereave me,
Of ev'ry Pleaſure:
Think on our loſt Joy,
Juſt at poſſeſſing,
'Twill Life deſtroy
Of ev'ry Bleſſing.

AIR XI. *Did ever Swain a Nymph adore.*

Hunt. Sooner ſhall Fiſh in Waters burn,
The ſcorching Sun congeal'd appear;
Sooner ſhall Ages paſt return,
And Seaſons quite invert the Year:
Sooner ſhall all Things ceaſe to be,
Than I will part from lovely thee.

Mrs. *Chaun.* Sure I'm deceiv'd, or that ſhou'd be my Brother.

Quor. Hey day! are you diſtracted too?

Mrs. *Chaun.* Hold, Sir, had you not once a Siſter, and an only Son?

Quor. I had —— methinks I begin to know that Face.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Chaun.* Look well upon me — were they not both miſſing at one and the ſame Time?

Quor. Too true, and never heard of ſince.

Mrs. *Chaun.* Then I'm that Siſter, and here's your only Son — your true Name is *Hunter.*

Quor. O all ye Powers! What Wonders do you tell me? ——

Chaun. The Story, Mr. *Alderman*, is too long to acquaint you with now; let it ſuffice that they were both carry'd away by me amongſt a Gang of Gypſies, when you was in Confinement — your Siſter I have ſince marry'd, and brought up your Son like a Gentleman, but never knew him to be your's 'till this Moment, and ſhou'd be glad to hear the Particulars, which occaſion'd this Revolution in your Fortune.

Quor. In a Word then, I made my Eſcape with ſome others out of Priſon, and taking with me all I had in the World, I embark'd on board a Merchant-Man, made a few Trading Voyages, and not many Years after return'd to *Dublin*, with ſomething conſiderable, ſettled in this End of the Town, chang'd my Name, and am at laſt arriv'd to what you now ſee me, an Alderman of this City — And now ye're welcome, welcome all: This Day has made my Happineſs complete.

Pheb. Alas poor *Phebe!* now are thy Hopes blaſted indeed: This is an unexpected Turn of Fortune; you cannot wed a Brother.

AIR XII. *As I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay muſing.*

Sure at my Birth malignant Stars preſided,
And ſhed their baleful Influ'nce around;
Since from my Love by Nature thus divided,
O Pow'r's above! leſſen my Torment,
Pity a tender languiſhing Maid,
To Ruin thus by Love betray'd.

Quor. No, my deareſt *Phebe*, you ſhall be no leſs happy than the reſt; I will unravel a Secret, which, perhaps you had never known, were it not upon this Occaſion; for know, you are no Child of mine, but an Or-

phan left in my Care, when ſo young, that you never knew a Parent but me. The Eſtate which was left you I have rather encreas'd than diminiſh'd, which now I will reſtore you, and if you pleaſe, may ſhare it with my Son, who henceforward is Heir to all I have.

Hunt. O happy, happy Change! now, my Dear, we ſhall be bleſt indeed — nothing now remains to obſtruct our mutual Happineſs for ever.

AIR XIII. *A Damſel I'm told.*

Of *Phebe* poſſeſs'd,
I'm doubly bleſt,
No Power on Earth ſhall us ſever,
Secure of thy Charms,
I'll live in thoſe Arms;
And thus we'll be happy for ever, my Dear.
And, *&c.*

Chaun. And as an Addition to your Felicity, at my Deceaſe, I'll bequeath you a vaſt Fortune I have amaſs'd by Begging. And now to crown our univerſal Joy, let us firſt ſee this Ceremony perform'd, and then prepare to join this lovely Pair.

Omnes. Huzza —— now for a Song.

We've ſail'd the Seas for many a League.

I.

Grig. Thus crown'd with Eaſe and every Joy,
By Beggery we thrive;
No doubtful Cares our Peace deſtroy,
In Pleaſure ſtill we live.

II.

Cant. On Charity our Hopes depend,
We ſeldom beg in vain:
For Poverty's our only Friend,
Which brings us in our Gain.

III.

Gage. And if our Cant shou'd not prevail,
To get us daily Food:
By Stratagems we never fail,
To make our Party good.

IV.

Chaun. Then fill about, my jolly Boys,
Let's Drink, Dance, Laugh and Sing;
For who can boast of nobler Joys,
Than Beggars and their King!

Grig. And cou'd my *Tib* think of another Sponse whilst I was in Distress — inconstant Girl!

Tib Tat. Rather unhappy *Grig* — you know I'm not of an Humour to die for Love, if one won't another may.

AIR XIV. Molly *St. George.*

Gri. In thy Arms my dear *Tib*, will I end all Debate,
Thus happy despise all the Frowns of the Great;
What State can like Beggar's in Wedlock agree,
When cloy'd with Possession that Moment we're free.

Chaun. Come, Princes of the Crutch, and Ladies of the Ragg, all, all to the Wedding — You that are to be marry'd, stand forth, and let the Ceremony begin — Who's Priest?

Cant. That am I, most noble King.

Chaun. And a sanctify'd one too — exert your Parts, and shew yourself worthy your Vocation.

Cant. I'm ready, Sir: All attend the Solemnity —— that you both stand here to be tack'd together, is not the Question, but whether ye be qualify'd is the Query — First then, as ye are true Beggars, without Cant or Quibble, answer me to the Questions following — How long, Mr. Bridegroom, have you been Master of a Crutch?

Grig.

Grig. Ever since I was able to handle one.

Cant. And you, Mrs. *Bride*, how long have you been one of the Sisterhood?

Tib Tat. So long that I can't remember I ever was any other.

Cant. Very well — thro' what Degrees have ye past?

Grig. Thro' every Station of Beggary — I have been Pimp, Juggler, Rogue and Maunder.

Tib Tat. And I, Whore, Thief, Bawd and Gypsey.

Cant. Right — ye fit like two Tallies —— no two are better match'd, nor more proper to go together —— now attend ——

Chaun. Silence —— the Ceremony begins.

Cant.
Without Book or Ring,
Or Priestcraft or Law,
I wed ye to lie
Both together in Straw:
And when by Consent
Of Wedlock ye're tir'd,
Then part Whore and Rogue,
Which is all that's requir'd.

Chaun. Let the *Bride* advance, and in token of Obedience to her Lord and Husband, perform the Ceremony of the Crutch, and the *Bridegroom* as a Mark of Superiority take the usual Marriage-leap.

[*A Crutch is held by two, which she passes under, and he leaps over each thrice.*]

Let both Kneel, and receive the Beggar's Blessing.

[*Kneels.*

May, *Knits*, *Lice*, and *Fleas*
—— Divert you at leisure,
Whilst Padding and Mumping
Be each other's Pleasure.

Now each salute 'em according to Custom.

[*The Men all kiss her, and the Women him.*

AIR

AIR XV. *Come all ye pretty Maidens.*

Grig. Like jolly Beggars thus we'll prove,
Since now the Wedding's o'er;
We'll love and live, and live and love,
'Till we can love no more, *fal, lal, la,* &c.

Tib Tat. With all my Heart, my Dear, I warrant I'll not be behind-hand with you in Matters of Love.

AIR XVI. *Ellen a Roon.*

How bashful Maids appear,
'Till once they're try'd,
But they soon banish Fear,
Commencing Bride:
Were Wives assured to be
Possess'd of Liberty,
Sure Marriage then wou'd be
Wholly our Pride.

Chum. 'Tis now Time to partake of our Banquet, *Grig,* see that every Thing be ready.

AIR XVII. *Bonny Lad, come lay thy Pipe down.*

Hu. Now, my dear Charmer, our Troubles are o'er,
At last Love triumphant ill Fortune controuls;
Thus happy ten Thousand new Joys we'll explore,
And with mutual Constancy solace our Souls.
No more shall false Pleasure enervate my Mind,
I here bid adieu to all Bus'ness and Strife;
By Woman alone all our Bliss is refin'd,
For *Phebe*'s the Joy of my Life.

AIR XVIII. *An* Iriſh *Tune.*

Pheb. Thus with thee delighted,
All my Love's requited,
For thine my Heart ſhall never part,
'Till both in one united:
Now our Hopes poſſeſſing,
We'll enjoy the Bleſſing,
All our Days crown'd with Eaſe,
Whilſt in Love careſſing.

Quor. Now, Brother *Chaunter*, if you'll be content to ſhare my Houſe with me for the future, and quit this Way of Life, I ſhall think myſelf happy in your Friendſhip.

Chaun. What, ceaſe to be a Beggar, and a Monarch too! — no, Sir — I would not change my Condition with the greateſt Prince in *Europe*; for there is not one of 'em all, but envies the Freedom of us Beggars; whether it be Peace or War, we ſtill are unconcern'd; we are neither preſt for Soldiers, nor put upon hard Duties: The State never concerns itſelf with us; and if we do any Thing unlawful, who'll ſue a Beggar? Mankind pay a kind of Reverence to us, and make a Conſcience of it not to abuſe us. As for our Dirt and Uncleanneſs, they are without us, and ſignify nothing at all to true Happineſs; and for our Raggs, 'tis to them we chiefly owe our Felicity.

AIR XIX. *Did you not hear of* Boccough.

Whilſt Riches and Honour are courted by the Great,
The Beggar contented enjoys his humble State:
Our Poverty's a Bleſſing alone which makes us free,
Then who'd not be, of Beggars, a Monarch thus like me?

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FINIS.